

Palm Readings

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Summary: Implied future Mericcup. Merida has been running errands for the witch and in return she asks for her fortune to be told.

Palm Readings

**A/N: This one is really old. I wrote it last year, but I'm working on posting all of my old stuff, so I apologize for any issuing terribleness. It was inspired by a post on tumblr talking about Merida comeing back to the witch and having her fortune told, much like Katara in Atla. The witch's name and the nickname she gives Merida are both coined from the fanfiction The Dragon and the Bow. Feannage's name is the Gaelic word for crow. **

Enjoy :)

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><p>"Hilde," Merida approached the cottage. The air was surprisingly void of the sounds of the Witch and her crow bickering over carvings and potions.<p>

She frowned, peeking in through the windows, "Hilde, are you there? I have those," the princess hesitated, glancing at the leather satchel, not sure how to describe the strange things the witch had asked her to gather, "ingredients you wanted."

Angus snorted behind her, shifting his weight from side to side, his tail flicking nervously. Merida rolled her eyes at him. No matter how many times they made the trip through the forest he always got nervous this side of the stone circle. She supposed it was something in the air, sort of like the buzzing that filled the air just before a thunder storm.

The golden rays from the sunset streamed through the window, spilling

onto the empty wooden floor of the cottage. She raised an eyebrow, "Hilde?" She frowned, turning back to Angus. The Clysdale sent her a questioning glance, as if to ask her where the old hag had gone. "I don't know, guess she's went out for a spell." The princess snorted at her own joke. Angus huffed, rolling his eyes at her. Merida pulled a face at him. "Oh, shut it you."

"S'at you dearie?" Merida jumped, spinning on her heel at the sound of the ancient wooden door squealing forward. The Witch grinned when she spotted her, squinting down her nose and flashing her gums at the princess. "Ah, there you are. Did you bring me what I asked you?"

Merida blinked, looking back at the window she had just left. The bare wooden floor was now covered with wood shavings and bear carvings of every shape and size and color. "Yes, but- it was- you were- how did youâ€¦" she stuttered. Hilde's eyes twinkled and Merida sighed and mumbled, "Never mind."

"Come on in dearie. I've pot a cup 'o tea on the fire." Hilde turn tail and disappeared into the cottage, letting the door swing open. Merida shook her head, a small smile tugging at her lips, and followed the witch into the cottage.

"The Princess," Feannag squawked as she entered the shop. "The Princess is here."

"Hello, Feannag," Merida grinned at the bird. "I brought you somthing'," He tilted his head, fixing one beady eye on her as she pulled out a cracker from the satchel. He squawked again and with a powerful beat of his wings he jumped from the bear statue to her arm and snatched the cracker from her fingers and devoured it. Beside her, Hilde scowled, taking the tea kettle out of the fire place and placing it on the work table.

"Don't spoil him, dearie. Selfish little Bampot," She muttered, pouring the hot water into the wooden cups and settling herself into a rocking chair.

Feannag ruffled his feathers indignantly and cawed, "Name calling is rude, Bawjaws."

Merida smiled fondly at them. She was more than used to their bickering at this point, having spent most of her free time sitting in the Craft Carver drinking tea with the pair of them.

She moved to sit in the chair opposite the old woman. Feannag hopped from her arm and perched on the edge of the table. Hilde glared at him, but ignored the bird, dropping the tea leaves into the cups and turning her attention to Merida.

"Did you get what I asked you for, dearie?"

Merida nodded, taking the satchel and passing it over the table. "All of it. Just like you asked."

Hilde grinned as she snatched the bag from the table and rifling through it's contents muttering to herself. When she seemed satisfied with what Merida had brought her she smile contently, placing the bag beside the tea kettle and taking her wooden tea cup in her hands and

taking a sip.

"So," Merida hesitated, "I did what you asked." She eyed the old woman cautiously, taking her tea cup. Hilde watched over the rim of her cup, "Now, can I ask you for something in return?"

Silence followed her words as Hilde stared at her, her large, beady eyes watching her. "Alright, Jaeger," she said finally, using a nickname she had taken to calling her every once in a while. Whenever she asked about it Hilde would just smile cryptically and shake her head. "What do you want."

"A palm reading," She blurted, before blushing lightly.

Hilde sighed. "I should have known. You were never one for surprises," she said, holding out a gnarled hand. Merida grinned, and reached across the table, placing her hand in Hilde's, palm up.

The old woman leaned in close, a crooked finger tracing the lines of Merida's palm. "Hmm," she began, looking down her beak like nose, "Interesting. I see a great struggle, a struggle in which you will play a crucial role." Merida's grin widened, her fingers tingled with excitement as Hilde continued, "There's a creature, and a great warrior," Hilde raised an eyebrow, squinting and leaning in close. After a few moments she let out a snort.

"What? What is it?" Merida glanced down at her hand, trying to see what exactly what Hilde found so funny in the lines of her palm.

"There's a romance," the witch chortled, Merida blinked.

"A romance?" Merida asked, uncertain she had heard correctly. Hilde nodded, chuckling. Merida drew her hand back, examining her palm as if she could find Hilde's mistake and correct it. Because she had to have made a mistake. Romance was the last thing she wanted. "Are you sure?" There had to be more than that.

The witch shrugged, leaning back, a satisfied smirk on her face, "That's what it says, dearie. You're gonna fall in love with a great warrior." She laughed, "The princess who didn't want to get married falling in love with a vagabond warrior from a distant land. What will your dear old mummy say to that, Jaeger? Won't she be pleased?"

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><p>Reviews feed the author!

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file.